

## D.I.Y.

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# D.I.Y.

by [ChelseaFrown \(orphan\\_account\)](#).

## Summary

How the Watson Household became a family, told 1000 words at a time.

(This is part of an existing universe and may not make sense without the context of the main fic!)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## Chapter 1- Music

“What’s your favorite song?” Wilbur asked, leaning on the doorframe of the room Tommy was staying in.

“I... don’t know? Why?”

“Dunno. You’re always listening to music, I was just curious what kind of stuff you listened to.”

“Oh.” Tommy shifted awkwardly. “I guess soundtracks? Pop music? I’m not really sure.”

“Oh *absolutely not*, ” Wilbur whined. “No way are you staying here when you listen to that garbage!” Wilbur said it so *casually as if* music was what was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Tommy stuttered, completely baffled by the idea that his music- which he never listened to without headphones anyway- was so bad that it warranted kicking him out.

“I... okay? Sorry.” Wilbur grinned at him.

“Come. We have much work ahead of us.” Tommy just stared at the man. “Well? Can’t fix your music tastes without music, kid. C’mon!” Tommy stood warily. He followed Wil down the hall, but he hesitated at the door of Wil’s room. It felt *wrong* , entering a foster sibling’s space, even with obvious permission.

“Uh- would it be okay to do it... out here?” Tommy asked awkwardly. Wilbur snorted.

“In the hallway?”

“Uh- yeah.” *The hallway? What the hell was he thinking? That sounds so weird.*

“Sure. We can listen in the hallway. Let me-” Wilbur grabbed his phone and a Bluetooth speaker. He slipped back out into the hall and sat the speaker between them with a grin. “Okay, child. Do you want to hate the government or be sad first?” Tommy laughed.

“What?”

“I did not stutter, gremlin child. Are we punching cops or feeling our feelings first?”

“Uh- either, I guess?” Wilbur gave him a contemplative look and nodded.

“This is Modern Baseball, you’ll like them.”

And three hours later, as Wilbur sang intentionally off-key to a song about an apartment, Tommy found himself actually... *enjoying* himself. He really did enjoy this genre, way more than he actually expected to. When the song drifted off, Wilbur beamed at him.

“What are you smiling about, bitch?” Holy *shit* why did he say that?

“You like it!” Wilbur did not look even slightly put off by Tommy’s rudeness.

“I- yeah, actually. It’s good.”

“Oh, this is amazing! Techno never wants to listen to my music, I’ll finally have someone to play to when I’m learning something-”

“Oh, right, you play guitar right?” Wilbur lit up.

“Oh my gosh, will you be my audience? I’m writing some new stuff, I need someone with good taste to listen to it- Tech just tells me it needs more violin and Dad will say *anything* is good and-” Tommy snorted.

“Sure, big man. I’ll listen to you play.” Tommy really *didn’t* want to listen to Wilbur play, if he was being honest. His only experience with guitar music was Evan, who played the same three songs on his electric guitar so often it made Tommy want to slam his head into a wall. If he heard Smoke On the Water one more time he was going to *combust*. Wilbur had already dove back into his room, and when he came out it wasn’t with an electric guitar, it was with a beaten up acoustic covered in stickers and sharpie.

“Okay- so, for the record this is a meme song and it’s supposed to be funny, so do not judge me *too* harshly,” Wilbur began with a grin.

“Yeah, yeah, let’s get on with it, music man,” Tommy snorted, waving dismissively.

“Okay- so,” And when Wilbur started playing, Tommy found it was... good, actually. The song was funny, and Wilbur seemed relaxed in a way Tommy hadn’t seen him before, his face changing dramatically as he basically acted out the lyrics to the song, but his eyes were still bright and happy.

“Big Dubs, my *man*, that’s so good, it’s- it’s pog! What the hell man! I didn’t know you wrote stuff like that! You should fuckin’- I dunno, sell that shit, become a famous music man and play for like, crowds and stuff!” Wilbur laughed.

“I do, well, I post it online and stuff, I haven’t done much playing for crowds or anything, but it’s on Spotify! I actually get like, a decent amount of money from it, too, it’s really cool.”

“Oh, I cannot wait ‘til you’re famous and I can be like ‘Oh, yeah, Wilbur? We’re old friends, I lived with him in my youth, he’s a massive nerd when you get to know him, don’t worry!’ It’ll be very much pog.” Tommy joked. “I’m lookin’ you up on Spotify,”

“Uh- actually-” Tommy gave Wilbur a cautious look. “I- some of the stuff I have on there is... sad.”

“Sad how?”

“I- some of it was written when I wasn’t... doing super well. Mentally,” Wilbur admitted with a grimace. “I don’t know how you’d react to a lot of it, honestly. It might be a little much for you.” Tommy set his phone down, watching Wilbur carefully.

“But the music you write now, it’s not like that?”

“Not... really. Some of it still has some self-deprecating tones, but I’m doing a lot better now than I was at 18. But- I- maybe... don’t listen to the first album. Or wait until I’m not within earshot, at least.”

“Sure, Wil. I don’t have to listen to it now. Want to play me something else?” Wilbur gave him a shaky smile and picked the guitar back up. As soon as he started strumming, he was back to the relaxed smiling state.

“Okay, so I’m not really sure if I’m ever going to finish writing this one honestly, it’s been such a pain to try and produce, but-”

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Tommy said goodnight to Wilbur as he climbed back through his window after his usual smoke break, waited until the window had shut before he pulled out his phone, plugged in his headphones, and clicked play on Wil’s first album.

And if he cried, well, there was nobody there to call him out on it anyway.

## Chapter 2 - Drinks

### Chapter Summary

He didn't care. He just didn't want to have to watch Phil grimace every time he drank his coffee, okay?

### Chapter Notes

The story of how Tommy got 'stuck' with making everyone's drinks for them.

It wasn't that he cared, Tommy reasoned with himself. These people were near perfect strangers anyway, and he wasn't doing this to make them like him.

But if he had to watch Phil grimace as he drank his coffee one more time, he was going to lose his mind. Techno usually made drinks with breakfast, but for *whatever* reason, he always told Techno to make his black. Phil did not like black coffee, and Tommy had *no idea* how the other two had not picked up on this yet. And well, if he was going to make Phil a hot drink, it was *rude* to not make the others one, right? The coffee pot was already brewing the second pot of the morning, honestly, how much coffee did Phil even drink? That couldn't be healthy. Tommy had started the kettle a few minutes ago, so he knew the water would be ready soon.

His first mission was to scour the kitchen in an attempt to find where Phil hid whatever he put in his coffee when he made it himself. It honestly didn't take very long, there was caramel syrup in the cupboard that was certainly not anyone else's. So caramel, then. And Tommy had *seen* him dump sugar in the cup when he didn't think anyone was watching, so that was a given too. But it looked a little lighter than black coffee, usually, so Tommy checked, and to exactly nobody's surprise, there was a small container of half and half in the fridge. They made it too easy, honestly.

Phil's coffee was the most simple of the drinks to guess, since both Wil and Techno swapped between coffee and tea like *heathens*. It was nearly impossible to know which they would want on any given morning, but Tommy figured it'd be safer to just stick to tea, because he'd

seen Wil and Techno both make theirs a thousand times, whereas whatever they did to their coffee was a complete mystery. He was pretty sure he'd seen Wil put *butter* in his once.

He glanced at the instructions on the box of earl grey, which for some ungodly reason told you to steep it for *three minutes*. Tommy promptly ignored that and left it for five, which was absolutely the correct amount of time. Three minutes left the tea weak and tasting of nothing, who the hell would listen to that? He knew Wil dumped sugar in it with no rhyme or reason when he made it himself, so Tommy guessed on the amount he used, scooping in three spoonfuls before deciding any more than that would be a crime to humanity as a whole.

Techno's tea was last, but Jasmine tea wasn't exactly difficult to brew. Tommy faintly remembered a past foster telling him Jasmine was best with honey, not sugar, though, so he went out on a limb and switched Techno's five spoonfuls of sugar for just two of honey. Honey was sweeter than sugar, right? It made sense to use less. He honestly might be making that up, but he was pretty sure he'd read that somewhere once. He took the three mugs out to the table, just as Phil came back downstairs, mumbling something to Wilbur, who looked half-alive. Which made sense, because it was barely 5 am. As soon as their voices were audible, Techno came out of his room, heading toward the kitchen to threaten them by way of breakfast. Naturally, he was the first to see Tommy.

"What's this?" Techno asked, looking very confused.

"I was making myself a drink," a lie, honestly, because Tommy was not one for caffeine in the mornings, "So I made you guys some too. Figured I may as well." Techno looked thoughtful.

"That's nice of you," he started, moving toward his usual seat to pick up the mug. He took a small sip and stared at it for a moment. "It tastes different. 'S good."

"I mean, I just switched out the sugar for honey, I've heard that that's better for green tea," Tommy shrugged.

"Huh. Yeah, it is better." Tommy snorted at the man's confused face. "Thank you."



“Yeah, no problem.” Phil and Wilbur had come into the dining room at that point, both sort of unceremoniously dropping into their seats and grabbing their drinks. Phil took a sip without looking away from Wil, who was still quietly complaining about... anteaters? Maybe? Tommy honestly wasn't listening much. As soon as he actually tasted the coffee, his eyes shot up to Techno in confusion.

“I didn't make it, if it's gross, blame Tommy,” Techno snorted before ducking into the kitchen.

“You know how I take my coffee?” Phil asked softly, his eyes just a *tad* bit too affectionate for a cup of sugar and caffeine.

“Phil, if I had to watch you choke down plain black coffee one more morning, I was going to start stabbing shit,” Tommy replied emphatically.

“Wait, you don't like black coffee?!” Wilbur screeched, suddenly apparently far more aware of his surroundings. “You *always* tell us you want black coffee, what the hell?”

“I- uh-” Phil stammered, looking awkward. “Well-” Wilbur just pouted and took a drink of his tea, before frowning at it suspiciously.

“Why does this taste different?”

“Well, I actually steeped it long enough to taste like something other than sugar water, so,” Tommy shrugged, sitting down in his usual seat at the far end of the table. Wilbur hummed quietly. It was still too early for actual conversation, but Tommy figured he'd done a good job when Wil finished his drink and held the mug out hopefully toward him.

“Any chance for a refill?”

“Oh, me too, mate, if you don't mind.” Tommy gave them both a small smile and took their mugs into the kitchen, where Techno was standing at the stove.

“I hope you realize you’re never getting out of making their drinks ever again.” Tommy just laughed quietly.

There were certainly worse things to do.

## Chapter 3 - Poison

### Chapter Summary

Tommy was poison. He was as sure of it as he was as sure of his first name.

### Chapter Notes

A new chapter for y'all because I haven't touched this in a while and I miss this universe.

Tommy was poison. Whether he was born corrosive or if years of being around toxicity had made him that way, he was unsure, but he knew that he was sure to ruin whatever he touched. Which is why he couldn't understand why this family was so keen to be around him. Phil's gentle smiles, Wilbur's playful teasing, Technoblade's fond sarcasm; it all weighed heavily on Tommy's chest, knowing that it wouldn't be long before he'd start burning it away. They were all so *annoyingly* nice to him, gentle even in their frustration, kind even when he pushed their limits, pleasant even though they surely, *surely* must hate him. He'd been here far too long to still be seen as someone worth fixing. It only made sense that by now they must have given up, and he was just waiting for the shoe to drop, for the order of bags to be packed, for the phone call to be made.

He'd taken to leaving the house, hoping to delay the inevitable by way of making himself scarce, but really all that he'd managed to do was make himself known to his foster siblings' friends. Which was.. odd, to say the least. He couldn't remember a time where a foster sibling had ever willingly let him meet their friends, let alone met any that wanted to know him in return.

"Kid! What are you doing down here?" Schlatt asked, appearing by his side as if he'd simply popped into existence there. Tommy startled, looking over to him with an eye roll.

"I'm walking. What else would I be doing?"

“Well, yeah, obviously, but I meant why aren’t you at home? Isn’t it like, family bonding day or some bullshit? Wil dipped on us early for it and everything.”

“I thought you and Wil weren’t friends?” Tommy replied flatly, trying to avoid the question. He was, technically, supposed to be at the house, at Phil’s request, but he’d ignored it because family bonding implied being part of the family, which Tommy was *not*.

“He just tells people that because he’s petty. But seriously, why aren’t you home?”

“They’re doing family bonding. Why would I be there?” Schlatt furrowed his brows, looking confused.

“Why wouldn’t you be?”

“I’m not related to them, Schlatt. Remember?”

“None of them are related. That’s like, their whole thing. It’s sort of how adoption works.” Tommy huffed out a laugh at Schlatt’s teasing tone, and he bumped his shoulder against the other’s.

“Fuck off, you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, but, like, I’m sure they want you there, dude. Why wouldn’t they?” And... well, wasn’t *that* just a loaded question? One that caught in Tommy’s throat and burned all the way to his eyes.

“I-“ he coughed, trying to hide the way tears were trying to make their way out. “I wouldn’t want to intrude on that. Ruin their memories when I’m gone, y’know?”

“Gone?”

“When I go to my next placement, I mean. I’ll be leaving soon.”

“What? Why?”

“‘S how it goes, Innit? Good families-“ Tommy sucked in a sharp breath- “good families don’t want kids like me for too long. I fuck them up. If I stick around too long they’ll start falling apart and by the time they realize what caused it, it’ll be too late. I usually do my best to get out before that happens now,” Tommy admitted, watching his shoes as they walked. “Don’t need to ruin more lives in the process of ruining my own.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Tommy just shrugged. “No, seriously, who told you that? You don’t- you’re just a kid, man. You aren’t ruining anyone’s life just by existing, and certainly not by living with someone. What could you possibly do to them?”

“I cause fights. Either I’ll make mistakes and one of them will defend me against the others, or they’ll all be mad but feel shitty about it, or they’ll all say it’s fine but be resentful that nobody said anything, but whatever the case, it strains relationships and people lash out and feelings get hurt. Or I cross boundaries I didn’t know existed and hurt people, and then they get defensive and lash out at everyone and the same thing happens, or, or nothing happens at all but somehow just being there causes a dynamic shift, and things get *weird* and there’s nothing I can do to fix it but to leave. It always happens. It’s already happening.” Schlatt just sighed, tossing an arm over Tommy’s shoulders.

“Kid, I’ve known that family for years. Trust me, they were dysfunctional well before you came along. If anything, they’ve gotten *better* since you showed up. Seriously. I’ve never seen Wil so confident in his music, and Techno is actually being social for once, and last time I saw ol’ Phil he looked like he’d actually slept. You aren’t ruining anything. You’re a good kid, okay?” Tommy just shook his head, shoving Schlatt off of him.

“You don’t get it.”

“No, I don’t, but I know that you should be home right now, spending time with your family, and not out here in this shitty weather. Go. Bond. Lose thirty-six times in Uno to Wilbur

because that bastard cheats. Just enjoy yourself, kid. You don't need to worry about everything all the time."

Tommy shrugged him off, but he did go back to the house. And when he entered the living room, three faces, all with similar looks of worry, lit up in relief and joy, he felt a little bit lighter.

And after a few rounds of Uno, where Wilbur definitely *was* cheating, because Tommy was pretty sure there weren't even that many draw-four cards in the deck, not that he'd tell Schlatt he was right, he's kind of a dickhead, he nearly forgot this was temporary, because as much as he was poison, as much as he was cruel and harsh and wrong, he was surrounded by people who seemed to be immune.

## Chapter 4- Scars

### Chapter Summary

His scars had never bothered him much, until they did.

### Chapter Notes

This Chapter was requested by the lovely houseplantscare!

CW for ableism (Kind of? Mostly just a woman being a bitch but I think it counts.) self-doubt, insecurities, and scars.

Tommy didn't feel particularly insecure about his scars. They bothered him, some days, but more so in that they *hurt*, rather than in the fact that they were unsightly or anything. Maybe that was because scars or not, Tommy had never been one to look at himself much at all. He knew what he looked like, more or less, and he didn't exactly shy away from his appearance, it didn't disgust him or anything, but he didn't really want to *see* it either, so the scars really didn't change that much.

Or at least, it didn't change much for him.

For other people, though, the scars had become... something of a spectacle. Freshly healed as they were, they stood out, painfully obvious against his pale skin and even the most polite people often did at least a double take when they caught sight of them. He tried not to let it bother him. He knew they typically weren't doing it to be rude, that it was something strange that they'd likely never seen, and it was unfair to hold that against them, but every less than subtle way a child would ask their parents what was wrong with him, the way strangers would stare and then avert their gaze when he caught them, the way cashiers wouldn't look him in the eyes, it was... annoying. It frustrated him. But he dealt with it, okay? The parents would apologize, the cashiers would give him a half-hearted smile, and the strangers would never interact with him again anyway, so it was fine.

And then it wasn't fine.

He was with Wil and Techno, just going out to get lunch and enjoy some free time; trying to get more comfortable interacting with them as family that he didn't need to die for, as per his therapist's insistence, and it was *nice*. They were having fun, eating greasy food and teasing and making plans to maybe meet up with friends later in the evening, when a woman stopped in front of their table with a stern glare.

"Uh, can we help you?" Techno asked, glancing at Tommy as if to ask if he knew what the heck she wanted.

"Do you really think it's appropriate to be in a restaurant like that?" Technoblade snorted.

"My hair isn't *that* faded, I-"

"I wasn't talking about that, I meant *him*," She gestured at Tommy. "It's unsightly, people are trying to eat."

"I- it's just my *face* ." But something in his stomach was sinking. He knew it wasn't pretty, obviously, but it hadn't *occurred* to him that it would bother people much. Maybe they should have just gotten takeout. Both of his brothers looked like they were in shock, but they weren't exactly *arguing* with her either, so... maybe they agreed.

"It's upsetting my family, they've completely lost their appetites because they had to see it. You should be more aware of the effect you have on people, especially in a dining environment!" She demanded, and Tommy shrunk back in his seat. Maybe the him from before would have fought back. Maybe he would have sworn, would have told her off, but all he did at that moment was take a shuddering breath and quietly apologize.

He didn't expect the indignant noises from both Wilbur and Technoblade.

"He has just as much right to be here as anyone else!" Wilbur argued, glaring at the woman. "You can't just show up and insult a kid for trying to eat lunch in peace, what the hell is wrong with you?"



“He’s the one who’s-“

“Trying to eat. That’s all he’s doing. He’s literally just existing,” Techno said firmly. “If it bothers you, you can leave, but you have no right to come up to anyone and tell them they can’t be somewhere because of something they can’t control.”

Tommy was clenching his fists so tightly it hurt. They weren’t yelling, obviously trying to not cause a scene, but the woman was loud enough that other people were starting to stare and their eyes on him felt like they were pressing so heavily against his skin that he couldn’t breathe. Suddenly all he wanted was to go home, to hide in his room and forget the day had even happened.

“Guys, can we just- can we just go? Please?” He asked smally, and the woman’s eyes shot to him with a self-satisfied smirk.

“See, at least he knows when he’s in the wrong.” Techno stood, to do what, Tommy wasn’t sure, but whatever it was was halted by an employee appearing at his side and glaring fiercely.

“Out. Right this instant, or I call the police.” The woman looked smug, waving her hand and to gesture them out the door, and Tommy just sighed and nodded. “No, not them, you, lady. Did you seriously think you could just harass my customers and get away with it? You’re not welcome here. Leave.” She turned around, gaping, and the employee just pointed at the door. “You and your party are no longer welcome here. Ever. Bye.” She huffed and stomped out the door, her family trailing behind her. They looked at Tommy. “I am *so* sorry, I didn’t realize what was happening, or I would have stepped in sooner, what a *bitch* .” Tommy felt his chest loosen. The waiter wasn’t flinching away from eye contact, they were giving him a sheepish grin and looking at him like he was just any other customer. Like he was any other kid. It was nice.

“It’s okay, really. Thank you.” The employee nodded, going back to the counter, and Tommy looked back to his food.

“Toms... why... why did you *apologize*? ” Wilbur asked quietly.

“I mean, she was right, wasn’t she? S’not like it’s pretty to look at.”

“Nobody with two brain cells blames you for your scars, Tommy. You having them doesn’t take away your right to exist.” Techno said quietly, reaching a hand out.

He just nodded. There were no words to say.

## End Notes

This is part of my 100k Hits celebration for Nights Like these! If y'all want to request any particular things for this feel free to drop it in the comments or on Twitter, where you can find me @FrownChelsea ! You can leave single-word prompts or more detailed ideas wherever you see fit!!

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